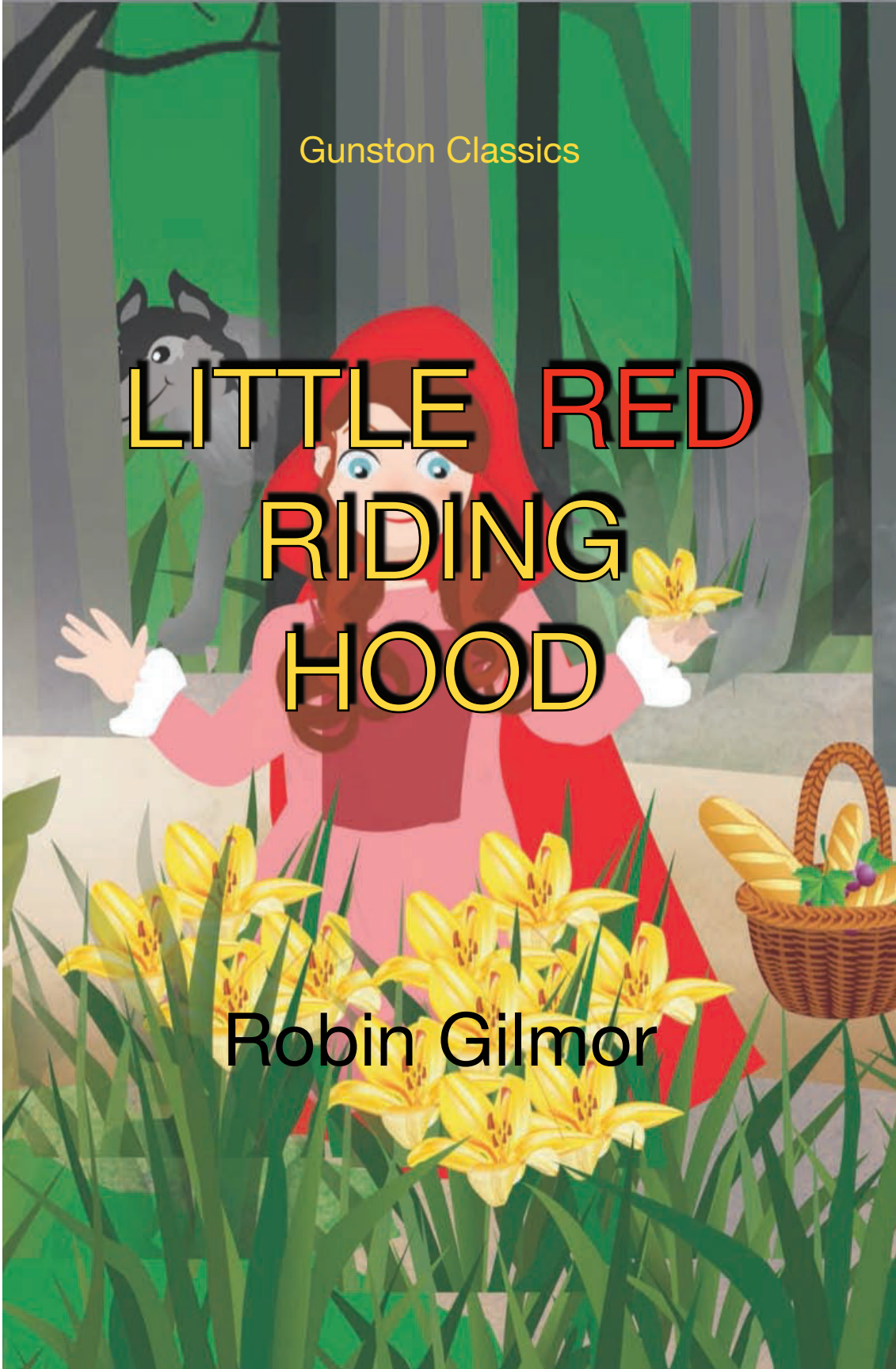
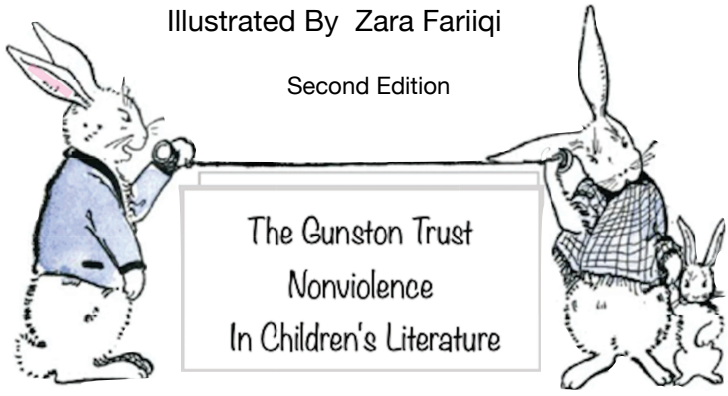

Gunston Classics
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD
Robin Gilmor

Gunston Classics

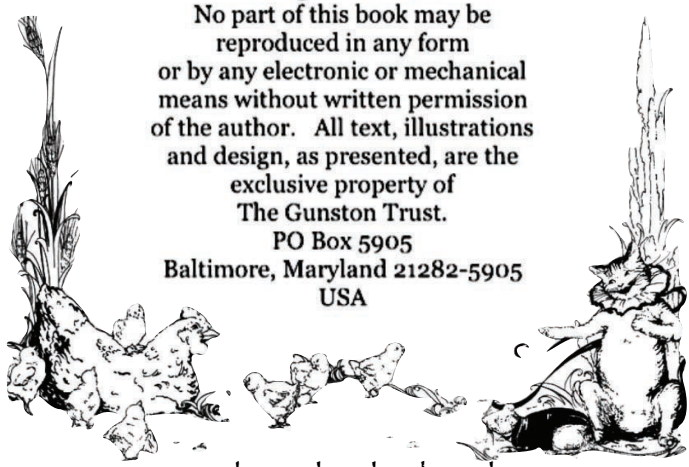
LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Robin Gilmor
Illustrated By Zara Fariiqi

Second Edition



© Copyright 2021
The Gunston Trust.
All rights reserved.
No part of this book may be
reproduced in any form
or by any electronic or mechanical
means without written permission
of the author. All text, illustrations
and design, as presented, are the
exclusive property of
The Gunston Trust.
PO Box 5905
Baltimore, Maryland 21282-5905
USA



Little Red Ridinghood

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD

Once Upon a Time
in a deep dark woods,

In a cabin of timber
and logs of strong burl.

There lived Little Red,
in a red hooded coat,

That covered her lovely
long, brown ringlet curls.

Her mother had fixed
a large basket of goods

To take in the morning
to her Grandmother's home.

Her Granny was ill
and took to her bed,

"You must stay on the path,
and please do not roam."

In a red woolen cape
that swept down to the ground,

And a crimson red hood
lined in taffeta silk,

Such a vision of red
that skipped through the forest

With a sturdy reed basket
of cakes and warm milk.

Little Red sang softly
as she walked through the forest,

When a large wolf appeared
at the side of the road.

"Good morning," he said,
"You sure look very pretty."

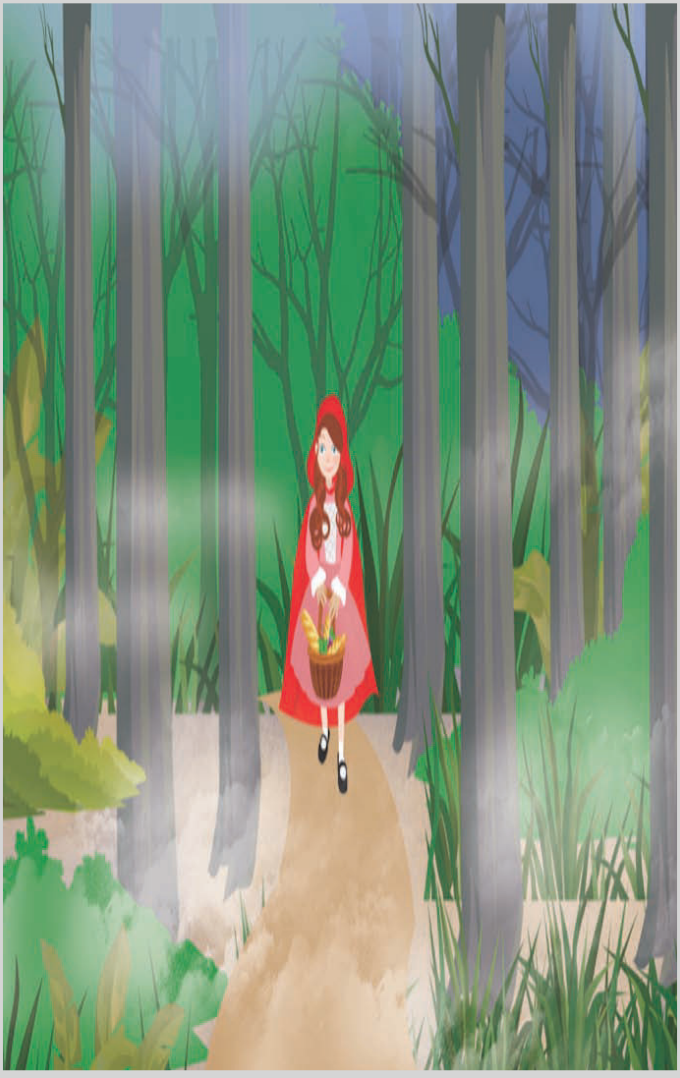
"What a mighty big basket,
that's quite a big load!"

Poor Granny is ill
and she lives all alone.

She's not feeling well
and must stay in her bed.

I have warm milk and sweet cakes
for Granny to eat.

The Wolf gave her a smile
and then nodded his head.



To Grandma's, to Grandma's,
Red Riding Hood strolled.

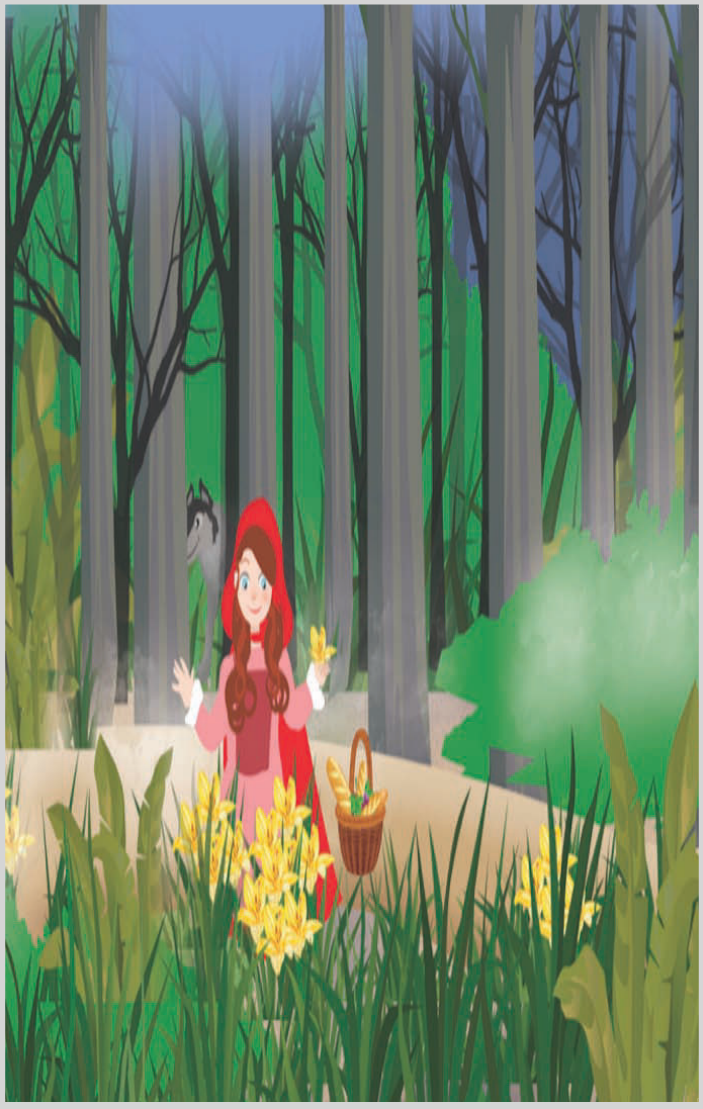
Through the tall dark timbers
where the winding path led.

The cool morning mist
hung close to the ground,

As she skipped to her Granny's
where she lay in her bed.

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust



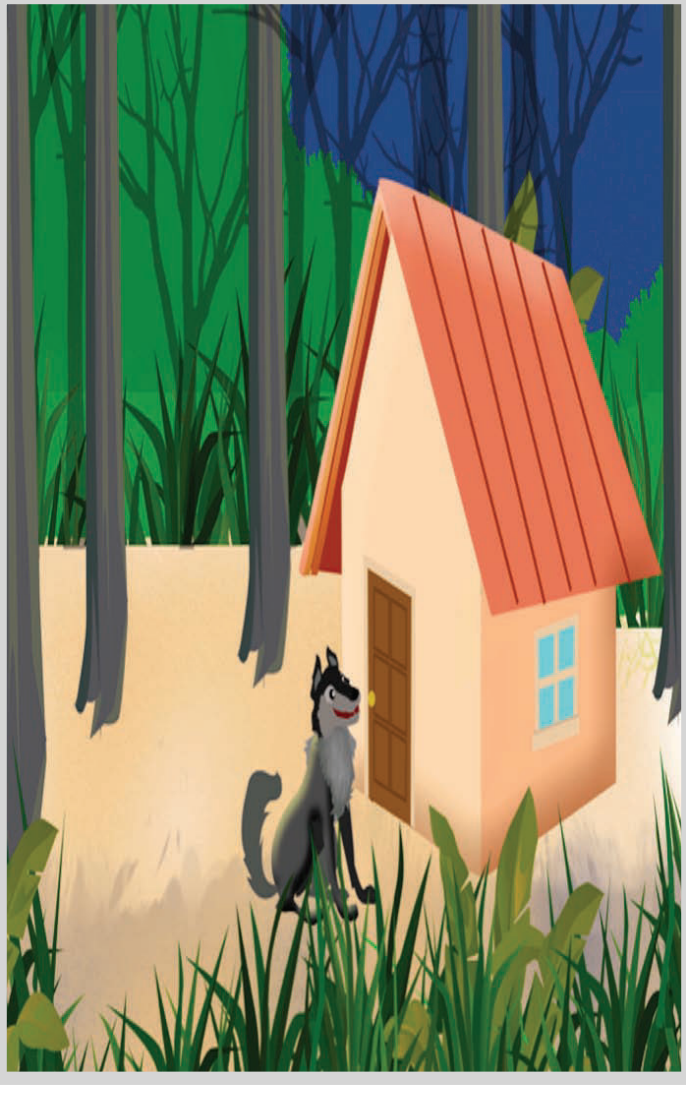
Little Red Ridinghood

Red Riding Hood stopped
to pick a few flowers,

Some bright yellow lilies
grew in moss by the path,

As that wicked bad Wolf
ran quickly ahead,

And arrived at the cottage
and knocked on the glass.



Knock, knock. . .knock, knock. . .
The Wolf knocked on the door,

"Who's there." cried Granny
from her big feather bed?

"Tis I, Little Red,
with cakes and warm milk.

I am wearing my cape
with my hood that is red."

Lift the latch and come in,"
came Granny's weak voice.

"Cakes and warm milk
are delightful to eat!

"Come closer my dear,
so Granny can see you.

Come in and we'll share your
kind thoughtful treat."

And then in a flash
the Wolf jumped on the bed!

He swallowed old Granny
in one single bite!

Then this nasty gray Wolf
put on Grannies' night clothes

And waited in bed
in the dawn's early light.

When Little Red entered her
Grandmother's home

She called to her Granny
who lay still in the bed.

"I've brought you some milk
and sweet oatmeal cakes."

But Granny just coughed. . .
and covered her head.

Little Red Riding Hood
walked close to the bed,

But something was wrong,
Granny didn't look right.

And so, Little Red said
to her lovely dear Grandma,

"You're not looking well,"
and it gave her a fright.

Grandma, Oh Grandma,

what big ears you have,"

"All the better to hear you
my dear,"
said the Wolf now in charge.

"But they don't look like your ears,
dainty and small,

They look furry and pointed and
really quite large."

Grandma, Oh Grandma,

what big eyes you have."

"All the better to see you my dear,"
said the Wolf with a sigh.

"But they don't look like your,
twinkly and smiling,

They look wild and their brown,
not blue like the sky."

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust

Grandma, Oh Grandma,
what big **teeth** you have,"

"All the better to eat you my dear,"
said the Wolf with a slurp.

Then he gobbled the girl
in one giant bite,

And ate all the cakes
and warm milk for dessert.

Little Red Ridinghood

While the wicked bad Wolf
napped after his meal,

There came a lone woodsman,
he just happened by.

When he saw the wolf's foot prints
by the door of the cottage.

He opened the door
and the Wolf he did spy!

Just one mighty blow
caused the Wolf's grand demise,

From his belly burst Granny
with Little Red in her arms.

The Woodsman saved both
from this nasty old Wolf.

They were all shaken up,
but had come to no harm.

Now that is my story
of sweet Little Red,

Old Granny, the Woodsman,
and the Wolf, mean and bad.

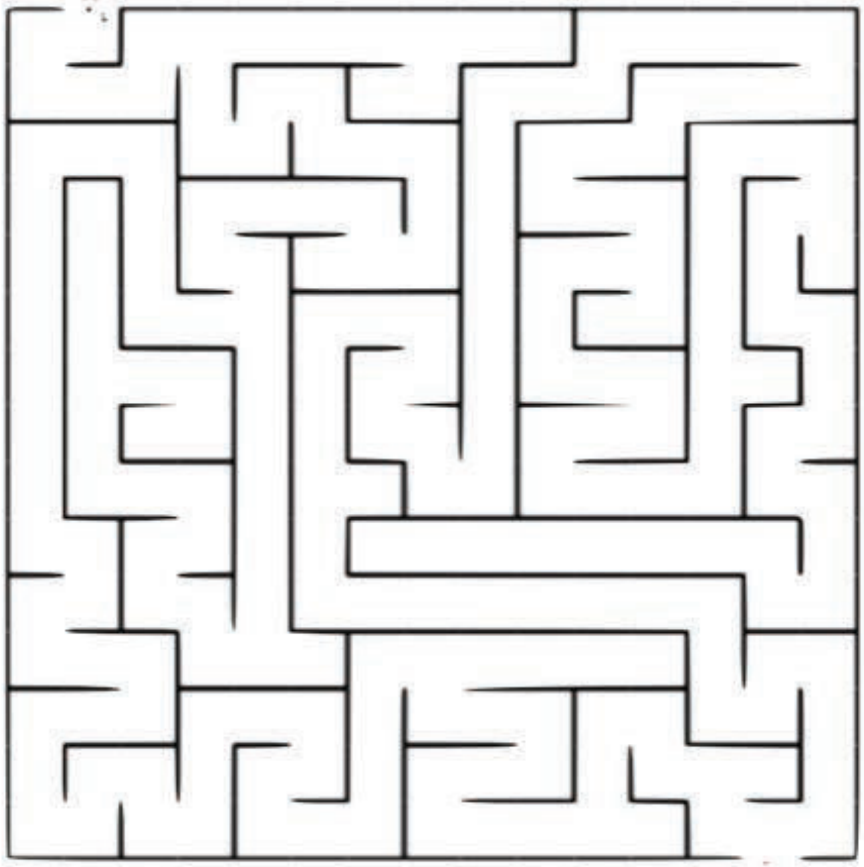
Everyone is so happy
with Granny and Red.

Or this story's ending
would have been awfully sad.

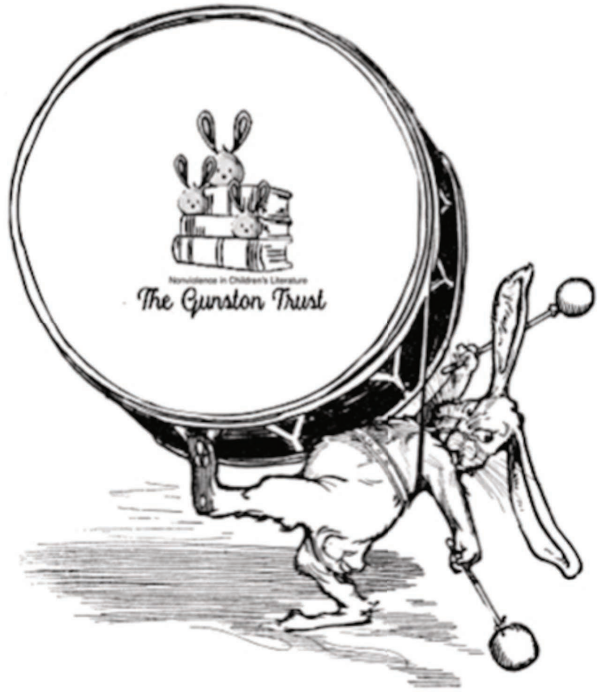
THE END

Gunston & The Book Bunnies

The Gunston Trust



Little Red Ridinghood


Nonviolence in Children's Literature
The Gunston Trust